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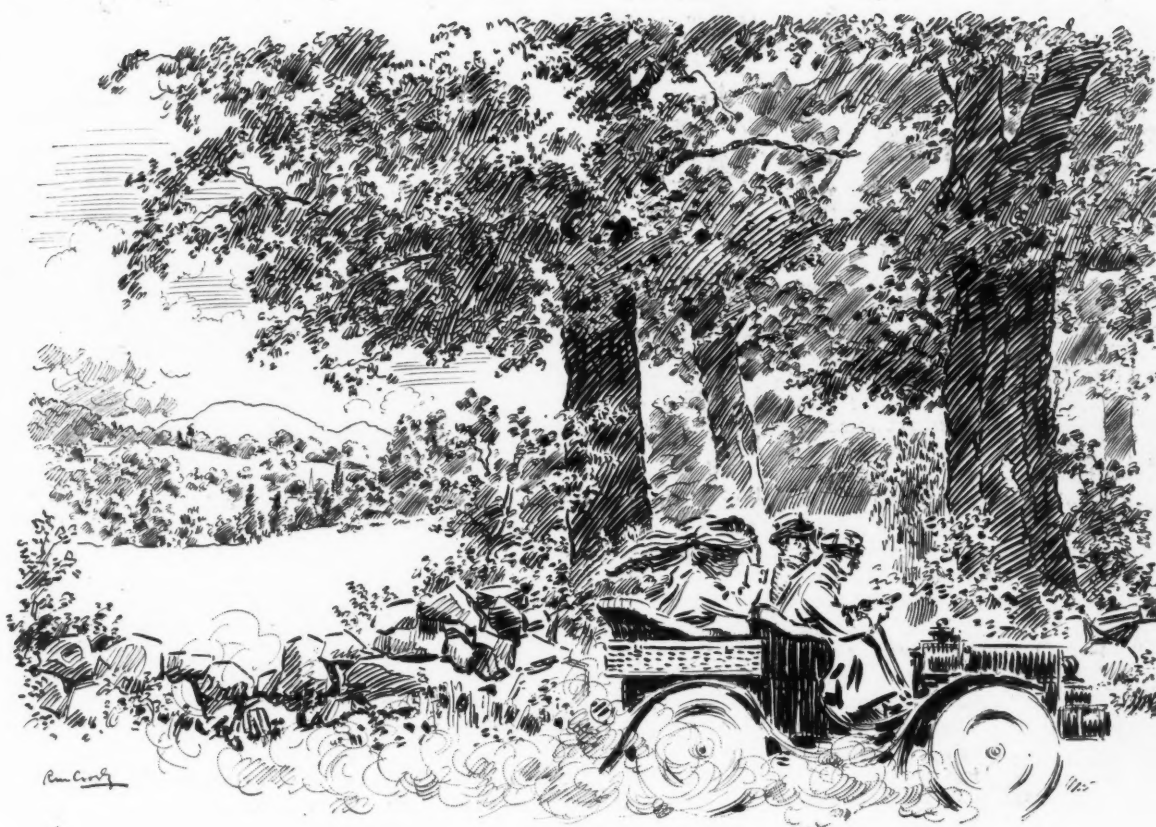
AT ALL CAFÉS AND RESTAURANTS

G. S. NICHOLAS, SOLE AGENT

43 BEAVER STREET

NEW YORK

LIFE



AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

"FINE VIEW, ISN'T IT?"

"YES, IT WAS."

The Prize Story in a Woman's Magazine.

"NO," said Patty, forlornly, to a group of her young friends, "I cannot go to the ball. I have nothing to wear."

"But, Patty," murmured her gay companions, "Harold Pennychaser will be there, and he is worth thirteen millions."

Patty only turned sadly away, her slight form shaken by sobs. Then the spirit of her Revolutionary ancestors stirred within her. Was she to be debarred her fighting chance at Harold Pennychaser's millions for the mere lack of a little ammunition? Never. Bravely

she dashed the tears from her eyes, and sought the attic and investigated the contents of the rag-bag.

Finally she emerged bearing a long silk window curtain, a brocaded chair cover, a tattered lace center-piece, a pair of worn-out silk stockings, and a pair of time-stained white slippers. Our little Patty was now to show that genius for reconstruction which should have made her Dictator of the Philippines.

With the curtain she made a dainty skirt (see our pattern 2901 A), then with the chair cover she made a bewitching little bodice, with the new sleeves (see our pattern 3706 N), finishing them at the elbow with lace

from the center-piece. Aunt Regina's old silk stockings she now took in hand. They were a mass of holes; but in those too large to darn she inserted neat medallions of lace. (For directions see page 487.) The slippers she painted blue, and then twining a pink rose in the masses of her bronze-gold hair, she went to the ball, looking far lovelier and more exquisitely gowned than her young companions in their Lady Duff Gordon and Mrs. Osborn frocks. It was then mere child's play for her to win the attention and ultimately the hand of noble, athletic, young Harold Pennychaser, and his thirteen millions.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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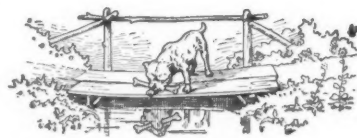
MR. CORTELYOU and his collections are the leading campaign issues this month. Mr. Cortelyou is Mr. Roosevelt's campaign manager, and it devolves upon him to see that the sinews of war are what and where they should be. It is current Democratic doctrine that the beneficiary is no better than the collector, and that the Republican collector is exceedingly culpable. On October 1 Mr. Pulitzer devoted eight

extra-wide editorial columns of his newspaper to an effort to convince the President that Mr. Cortelyou was permitting the great corporations of the country to purchase immunity from attack by the Roosevelt Administration by contributing liberally to the Republican campaign fund. The New York Times on the same day went a little farther, averring, in effect, that Mr. Cortelyou was not merely permitting, but constraining, the Trusts to buy safety. The Times described a concrete instance, but gave no names. The Trusts, declared the Times, are buying the President. The Outlook retorted that the Times's story was "a fabrication from beginning to end," and that its "concrete instance" was "an absolute, unqualified falsehood, with no grain of truth in or under it to give it even a semblance of reality." The Times

replied, in effect, that it knew of no pledges of immunity given by anybody, but that the acceptance of large contributions to the Republican campaign fund from Trusts and railroads implied a bargain to protect the contributors.



ALL that these accusations seem to come to is that the process of electing a President is progressing about as usual. It is no secret that the Roosevelt Administration is at peace with the Trusts and the railroads. So is the Parker candidacy. There isn't going to be any ripping up of any class of interests, no matter who is elected. Somehow the Administration managed months ago to allay most of the distrust that Wall Street felt for the President. That the Republican candidate gave any pledges not to enforce the laws is, of course, incredible. That he soothed alarm is obvious. That Mr. Cortelyou has raised the black flag and is cruising for blackmail is also incredible. But he has raised money. The Republican party is comfortably reinstated in its profitable position as the friend and protector of those who have, and as the defender of the favored interests that find their profit in an extortionate tariff. That is clear enough. It is significant, but hardly scandalous. Some day the Republican party is going to be beaten on the Tariff issue, and because it stands in with too many hogs, and has protected too many abuses. When that day comes, let us hope the Democratic candidate may be as wise a man as Judge Parker.



ROBERT TREAT PAINE, JR., of Boston, the friend of Bryan, and twice the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, announces that he comes of abolitionist stock and will vote for Roosevelt, partly on the race issue. There may be a certain subtle sympathy between abolitionist forebears and an ebullitionist candi-

date, but though Mr. Roosevelt's sympathy with the blacks is unquestioned, it is easily disputable whether his reelection will not do the colored brother more harm than good. Concern for the negro and his future is the common sentiment of a great number of voters in both parties, and almost all of them regard it as extremely important to the negro's welfare to get the questions that concern him out of politics. President McKinley had done much in that direction, which President Roosevelt has had the bad luck to undo. That the negro's welfare will never be out of politics while Mr. Roosevelt holds office seems extremely probable. Nothing will help the negro's political rights more than to split his vote in the South, but President Roosevelt has consolidated it. There is much to say in support of the argument that the way to help the negro is to sympathize heartily with President Roosevelt's sentiments towards him, and to vote for the other candidate.



ONE reflection that is suggested by the death of Senator Hoar is that he belonged to a day and generation when poor but able men still thought that they could afford to devote themselves to the public service. We don't remember to have heard it suggested, ever, that Mr. Hoar was wasting the golden years of his life by continuing in the United States Senate, when he might have been making money in the practice of law. He was sent to Congress in 1869, and became a Senator in 1877, so his labors at Washington had extended over thirty-five years, yet no one seemed to feel that he was wasting his life.

For many years he was a distinguished figure in public life, yet his last days seemed his best days, since they saw him rise above partisanship, take counsel of his own conscience, and proclaim wherein, in his judgment, his own party was leading the nation away from safe and constitutional courses. Even his party associates, who gnashed their teeth at his opinions, admired and honored him for the stand he took and the way he took it.



FARTHESTSKY NORTHAVITCH.

H. James Has His Eye on Us.

IT gives one a queer feeling to remember that Mr. Henry James is in this country and looking about. Were you ever caught out without your clothes? No? No more were we. But the way we should have felt if we had been is something like the way we feel about having Mr. James snooping around in this country.

If there is any national nakedness that we have got used to and forgotten

about, he will spy it out. Won't he? They say he is going to print his impressions of us! And when we read them—if we read them—shall we feel like a lot of Igorots?

The British Primate has also been looking us over, but no matter about him. He does not mean to print, and if he does, he is a minister and must use discretion, and a gentleman and will respect the

obligations of hospitality. Moreover, he probably thinks we are lovely. We don't think Mr. James will think so. He is a bachelor of mature years and fixed habits, and it will discommodate him to look at our show. And neither law, nor gospel, nor even prudence can be expected to deter him from recording any impressions his mind may receive, for he is a native and may be candid about his own, and he doubtless expects to return to England. We even consider that he is bound by the obligations of his own reputation as a man of letters to view us judicially, declare us guilty of whatever we *are* guilty of, and pass sentence.

Well! Let her come!

Bring on your bears, Mr. James. You may do good to some of us, and some of us you will entertain, and some of us won't know what you are driving at. And of course, dear sir, the bulk of us won't ever know that you came out to these States at all, but that is only because the puddle is so big that when you drop in even a large rock the circles flatten out long, long before they reach the shore.



Voices from the Toys: FEAR NOT, SAMMY, WE ARE WITH YOU.

Love's Victory.



FIDDLEBACK purchased his automobile before he fell in love with Miss Rosyton. Fiddleback was a small man, and having always been a bachelor, considered the auto from his own standpoint.

It was a small auto, advertised at five horsepower, and took Fiddleback around beautifully.

It seems to be the fate of slender, slight men that they should fall in love with ample ladies. Fiddleback was no exception.

Miss Rosyton was not only beautiful, but there was a great deal of her. Arrayed in a filmy white dress, she took up all the view there was. To Fiddleback, however, she was an ideal woman. He rightly argued that if a hundred pounds of Miss Rosyton was good, three hundred was a good deal better.

Fiddleback's auto, however, had feelings and prejudices as well as he did.

The way it took its owner up hills was fine, but Fiddleback knew its limitations. He knew that one medium-sized cylinder, even though it be of the best quality, was not capable of sustaining a downward pressure of three hundred pounds on a twenty per cent. grade. He had tried Miss Rosyton himself on various occasions, and he felt that it would be unfair to do the same thing with his auto.

There had been times, however, when he hesitated. He had puffed up to within sight of Miss Rosyton's house and measured her with his eye in the distance, and then turned around. He had longed to try the experiment, but at the critical moment his courage had failed him.

Fiddleback thought his secret was safe. He had carefully avoided telling his love that he had a motor car, but one evening she looked at him reproachfully.

"Why didn't you tell me you had an automobile?" she said. "I heard about it yesterday."

"It's only a dinky little affair, darling," said Fiddleback. "It's hardly worth mentioning. To tell you the truth, I was ashamed of it."

"Well, you needn't be," said Miss Rosyton. "I adore them. You must come around to-morrow and take me out to ride."

Fiddleback spent the next morning in reinforcing the springs with a new-fangled arrangement that was said to strengthen them, and promptly at four, with a smile on his face and his heart in his throat, appeared on the scene.

"I hope, darling, that you are not afraid to trust yourself with me," said Fiddleback, all the time hoping that she would say that she was.

"No, indeed, dearest," replied Miss Rosyton. "I have the utmost confidence in you. Where shall I sit?"

"Oh, as near the center as possible."

She moved in, and as she sank back on the cushion, the auto settled down with a resigned air, as much as to say, "I'm up against it now."

Fiddleback was jammed into one side, where he hardly had room to work the machinery.

He started it up, however, and with a slow chug, chug, the auto began to move.



WHAT'S A CONSTITUTION BETWEEN FRIENDS?

"Isn't this heavenly?" said Miss Rosyton. "And to think you were ashamed of it. I know I shall never get tired of it."

Fiddleback had planned a ride that, after the first mile, was mostly down hill. In order to do this, however, there was a place that they had to go up. He shuddered when he thought of it.

They bowled along until they came to a brook. Then they turned sharply to the left. Here was the hill—once over it and all would be well.

Fiddleback got a firm hold on everything in sight and let her out. Slowly the machine started up the elevation. Back of them was the stream.

Suddenly Fiddleback became conscious that the auto was stopping. Nay, it had stopped. It was going back. He had failed.

But he had not made the attempt without previous thought. "If," he had reasoned with himself, "I cannot

get up that hill without my darling, the machine is of no use to me anyway, and I may as well know the truth once for all, even if it has to be sacrificed."

And so he was fully prepared. As the auto gained headway backward, Miss Rosyton clutched her lover's arm.

"Is there any danger, darling?" she cried. "Look at the water."

"None whatever, dearest," replied Fiddleback. "Just rise up quickly about a foot, and then sit down as hard as you can. Now!"

Miss Rosyton, with an instinctive sense of self-preservation, obeyed him. She rose up and came down hard. That settled the auto. Everything seemed to give at once. They stopped.

And then, as Fiddleback and his sweetheart got out and surveyed the wreck, and he put his arms as far around her as he could get them, he said:

"Never mind, darling. The next machine I get will be eighty horsepower, capable of sustaining a pressure of five hundred pounds to the square inch."

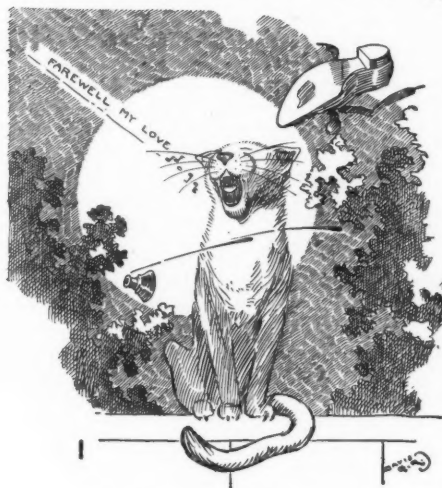
Tom Masson.

Saved.

"**WHATSHALLIDO!** Whatshallido!"

The popular actress paced the floor in a paroxysm of despair.

"Those hateful creatures of the 400 have killed every form of notoriety worth having. They pose in living picture shows, they lose their diamonds, they star in divorces and other scandals,



ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER.
BUT NOT THIS KIND.



A NEW PLACE IN HISTORY FOR THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

they are arrested for speeding in automobiles, and they even go on the stage. Can't you think of something for a press story?"

The faithful press agent was sorely perplexed. Then his wonderful resourcefulness came to his rescue.

"You might try living quietly, just like ordinary, well-behaved people. I could work up a great story about you going to church, and belonging to the W. C. T. U."

The popular actress flung her plump arms madly around his neck and kissed him on his noble brow.

"Saved!" she cried. "We'll have a champagne supper to-night to celebrate."

E. J.

"**TWO** are made one between trains."—*Newspaper Headline.*

It usually happens the other way.

Too Much to Ask.

IT was opening day at a school in the Ghetto. The principal glanced at the dirty little applicant for admission, and then said to the mother:

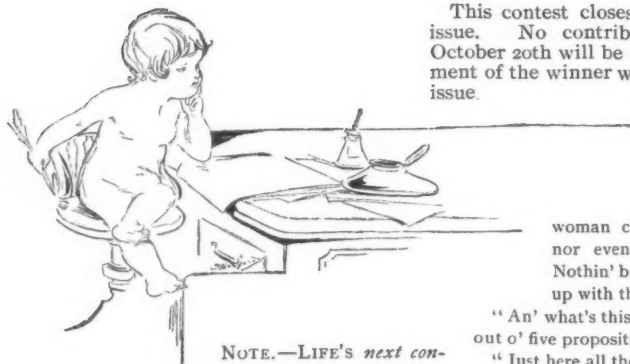
"Yes, I will take your son, but you must first give him a good bath and dress him in clean clothes."

"Oh, but, lady," exclaimed the representative of our foreign element, "I can't do dat; he's sewed up for de vinter."

Halt!

NOW, now, is it possible that the force of habit is too strong for Thomas Lawson, and that he has gone and watered his literary-financial magazine sensation? Isn't he stretching out into a serial what is naturally a short—however painful—story? But his picture of Rogers and Addicks was worth their space.

Are Three American Women Out of Five Disappointed in Their Husbands?



NOTE.—LIFE's next contest will begin in LIFE of November 10th.

No. 7.

TO THE IDITOR: Now, as Bishop Potter has fixed the soob-way so it'll niver go dry, it is meet, in shpite iv the Beef Thrust, that we consither another cause iv domestic throuble, husban's. Hogan sez he don't belave three out o' five Amer'can women think more iv some other feller than the'r own. But, sez I, "Bad luck to yez, Hogan. Phwat do yez know iv the allooring brandishments iv mathrimony—yez that niver was kissed bi the Mayor? Look at me that three toimes has shtood an' looked into the mouth iv a marriage bell an' had rice an' old shoes fired at me—an' afterwards, begorra, flat-irons an' skilletts. But if it's giniwine, expert testimony yez want, call on Misteress Jones-Amador-O'Brien-Yee-hop, two flights up. I'm a spring chicken, indade, along o' her.

"She has went through the supply iv husban's like remnants on a bargain counter. One kicked the cat, an' another refused to ate onyins. An' fer the third plunge, whin they was gettin' on the car at the little choorch bi the corner, the blushin' bride hearn him call fer transfers to Weeboken. Sheswooned in a turrible scream. Her fourth gran' prize, she found afterward, grew in that bloomin' disconsolation o' rubber plants an' macaroni that holds up the east end iv the suspension bridges. After thirty days' trial she haled 'im to couort on charge iv Brooklyn Bridge etiquette. The joory hed just turned down a lot iv 'crool and inhuman treatment' cases, but they verdicted all kinds o' freedom to her.

"An' such has been the even tenor iv her way, leavin' a trail iv grass wid'ers all over the United Shtates, besides a couple in Canady an' one in Noo Jersey. She has lived three year in the shtate iv mathrimony an' two in the Shtate iv South Dakota."

"Utah next for her!" exclaimed Hogan.

"Not her," sez I. "The giniwine Amer'can

This contest closes on the date of this issue. No contributions received after October 20th will be admitted. Announcement of the winner will be made in an early issue.

woman can't do on a few shares, nor even a conthrollin' int'rest. Nothin' but a first mor'gage cinched up with the diamond hitch."

"An' what's this got to do with the three out o' five proposition?" chimed Hogan.

"Just here all the throuble begins. There's lots iv talk in the emancipation courts about hair-pullin' an' busted furniture, but what scatters the 'appy 'omes is the husban's ebullutin' hankerin's that take in all the female creation. Look at the yeoman sarvice o' Solomon an' Brigham Young, an' certain New Yorkers, in the fine art iv husban'ry. In Nooport they say there's twenty women all drawin' alimony on the same drivelin' dood. Iv coourse they married 'im in single file, owin' to the narrowness iv the law."

"But there's other Amer'cans besides these," Hogan sez.

"Shoore. Utah an' Nooport is only b'ills on the body iv the public. Not one in a thousand iv the dear craythers as bid fer a king an' got a baboon ever comes out fer the sympathy iv noospapers an' couort benchwarmers. As Carlyle remarks in his great book, 'The Descint iv Man,' 'Civilization,' sez he, 'is only a coverin' under phwich the sagage natur' iv man boourns with an infarnal flame.' An—an' here's me p'int, Hogan: All men is Mormons at heart!"

W. E. Elliott.

No. 8.

CERTAINLY three-fifths of the American women are disappointed in their husbands.

Two-fifths of them would kick if a house fell on them, and probably two-fifths of them have just cause to kick.

I know most of them are disappointed from my own experience. I didn't marry three-fifths of them, of course, but then I have friends who did.

There is Jones. He got his wife a red automobile and she wanted a blue one, and Smith got his wife a blue one and she wanted a red one.

Brown got his wife the auto she wanted and then got a buff pug-dog, and she wanted a white poodle dog, and so they are all unhappy.

Then my friend Green is a Mormon, and he thought the way to do would be to marry a lot of them, so they would have plenty of their own kind of company right in the house

and only one man around, but he says it doesn't work just right, and they are not happy.

Smith has spells when his wife thinks he is a hero, and she is happy for a short time.

He gets tanked up enough sometimes so that he goes home and drags his wife downstairs by the hair, and makes her sleep out on the back porch with the cats all night.

Then he shows some of the spirit of a Roman Senator or a British Lord for the time being, and he is her hero, but the next day, when he sobers up, he kicks it all over by apologizing.

No, American men don't make good husbands, as a general thing. Ella Wheeler Wilcox can tell you that. They may harness Niagara and wirelessly transmit immortal thoughts and the price of corn across the briny deep. They may be good judges of horses and whiskey, and assimilate the Filipinos, or anything else laying around loose, in a most Christian and benevolent manner, but when it comes to appreciating the delicate, intricate and deeply buried beauties of the feminine character, they jump their trolley, and flounder around like a bull-pup caught in a rat-trap.

The American men are too busy building rail oads and cities and new navies.

The country is too new yet; there are too many resources to be developed, and too many dollars to be piled up yet.

The men don't have enough leisure to hang around and admire their wives as they deserve. Then the men, many of them, have probably not noticed that while their wives' tastes in automobiles, pug-dogs and millinery is very fine, when it comes to men their tastes are liable to be a little coarse. They admire a man like John L. Sullivan, or Corbett, or Jeffries; a man who could defend them from a bear or a mad bull, if he had to eat it, or who could keep a keg of beer from rolling on them, if he had to drink it.

The American husband's disabilities are constitutional and hereditary. If he toil till he is stoop-shouldered and bald-headed, and has to wear glasses, and reach the top of the political and social ladder, what has he to offer his wife in this land of liberty and equality? He has nothing but the heritage of Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, and can only make her the first lady in the land, but if he were a Britisher, or a Russian, or a Zulu, he might make her a countess, or a duchess, or even a queen.

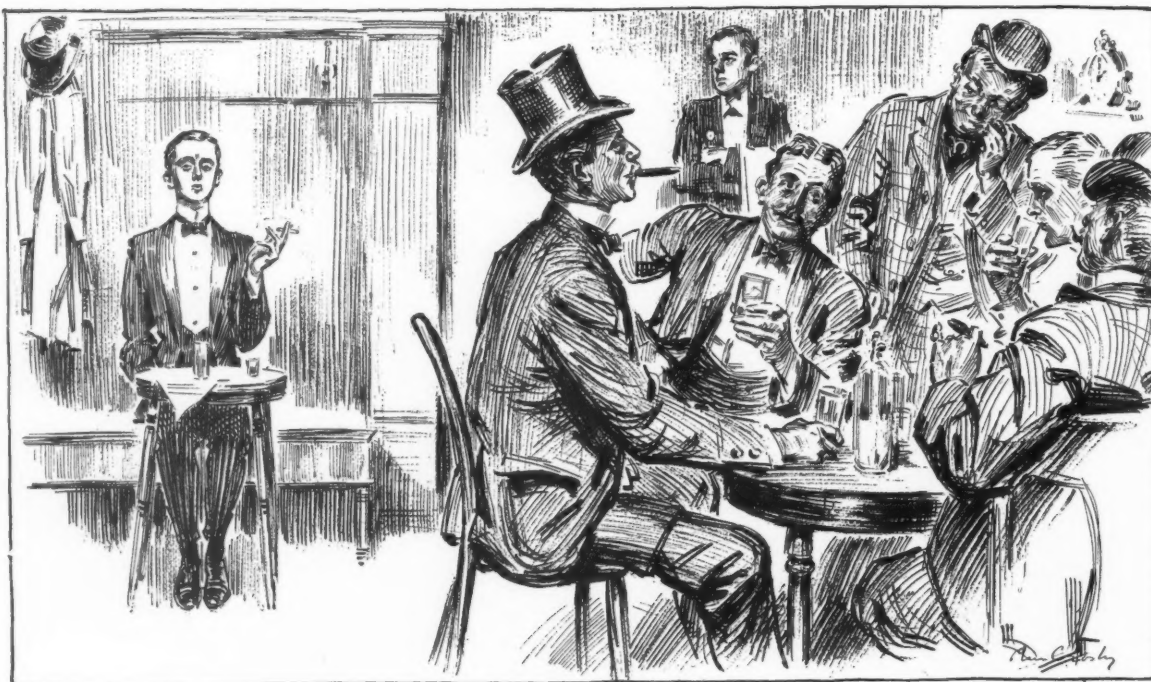
Joseph W. Diller.

MEN of finance all remind us
That the poet is a fool;
That the pen, as source of income,
Is a mighty useless tool.



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"DID I SEE YOU KISSING MY DAUGHTER, SIR?"
"I REALLY DON'T KNOW, SIR. I WAS TOO MUCH OCCUPIED AT THE TIME TO NOTICE."



BEING ONE OF THE BOYS.



HE EXPLAINS TO MESSRS. ROUNDER AND BOUNDER WHAT A DEVIL OF A FELLOW HE IS.

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THE MAN.



HE MEETS THE STILL FASCINATING MISS DASHER, AND DECIDES TO MARRY AT ONCE.



HE RELATES THE STORY OF HIS DARK PAST, FOR THE LAST TIME, WITH SOME HOPE OF FORGIVENESS.



The Decadent Days of Comic Opera.

THE main thought suggested by "The Sho-Gun" is that "The Mikado" was a work of art. Angels might well fear to tread on the territory made sacred by the genius of Gilbert and Sullivan, but Messrs. Ade and Luders have rushed into an almost unavoidable comparison, which is very much to their disadvantage. With all that lavish costuming, elaborate stage setting, and modern invention could do to make "The Sho-Gun" rival "The Mikado," the artistic simplicity of the latter makes the former seem like poor paste trying to outshine the purest diamond. To make the comparison in a general way might seem unfair to the two young Americans; to go into detail would be cruel; so, although they themselves have invited it, "The Sho-Gun" must be judged simply by the standard of contemporary musical comedy, which every one knows has sunk to a pretty low level.

It can truly be said of this piece that it is very elaborately and very gorgeously mounted. Any number of liberties have been taken with Japanese costume, which, although the programme states that the surroundings are purely fanciful, is attempted to be reproduced with more or less accuracy. The same attempted fidelity and gross infidelity is shown in certain manners and customs which are aped. No dramatic license and no programme explanations can give reason for the curious jumble of adherence to, and departure from, reality. However, seriously to discuss what is called comic opera to-day, and to attempt to analyze it in detail, is effort wasted. It is a form of entertainment which has given up any appeal to serious consideration. It is enough to chronicle whether or no the essentials are present. These are pretty women in tights, lines which appeal to a very elementary sense of humor, music which can be hummed or whistled, brilliant colors in the scenery and costumes, and effects in lighting which stun the eye. These are all to be found in "The Sho-Gun" and generously supplied. As between score and book, the former shows considerably more successful effort, as some of Mr. Luders's numbers are effective, while Mr. Ade's lines and lyrics arouse very little laughter or enthusiasm.

"The Sho-Gun" is not remarkable even as contemporary comic opera goes. It is not pre-eminent in a class of entertainment of which the public is evidently beginning to tire.

* * *



BELIEVE us, dear reader, there is more joy in LIFE office over one theatrical manager who repents and turns from the error of his ways, than over ninety and nine who go on regarding the public as easy prey, and who care nothing for their patrons' comfort and safety, if they can only succeed in getting the money of the public, and as much of it as it is possible to extort by fair means or foul.

LIFE's readers will recall that for some time LIFE has expressed disapproval of the way Weber and Fields have treated the public, always lavish in its patronage of the little music-hall at Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street. Last spring Weber and Fields dissolved partnership, and the house is now under the management of Weber



SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

PROFESSOR BUZZFUZZ (THE LEARNED ARCHÆOLOGIST) MAKES A DISCOVERY OF HIEROGLYPHICS.

and Ziegfeld. The new firm has made such a radical departure from the ways of the old, that LIFE is glad to record the change and point out wherein the old grasping policy has been changed to give the public more generous treatment.

The most material sacrifice on the part of Messrs. Weber and Ziegfeld is the removal of something over a hundred down-stairs seats from the body of the house. This increases safety by widening the aisles, and permits of the substitution of comfortable chairs for the old cramped seats, which were places of torment for every one who wasn't a living skeleton. A store on Broadway has been added to the main entrance, making it a far more commodious exit in case of panic. The galleries have been made safer by an increase in the number and size of the fire-escapes. Weber and Fields were notorious for the use of the ticket-speculator device for the purpose of wringing the last possible penny from their patrons; Weber and Ziegfeld announce that they not only will discourage the speculators in every way in their power, but they have adopted a very simple device which, if used fairly and with a little assistance from the public, will make the speculator an impossibility at this theatre.

Specially to commend the proprietors of a theatre for treating their patrons with ordinary fairness seems a curious thing to do, but such treatment is so exceptional that it certainly deserves special commendation. If the stage performance is anything like what it used to be in the early days of this house, Messrs. Weber and Ziegfeld will deserve, and doubtless will receive the hearty support of the public.



THE Proctor theatres and others of their kind may yet furnish to the American dramatist—if he exists—the opportunities for which he is said to be yearning, and which he cannot find in the regular theatres, from which he is debarred by the disinclination of their managers to make experiments. The Proctor theatres, since vaudeville and vaudeville artists have been monopolized by the regular houses, have been forced to supply their stages with legitimate dramas. The list of plays open to their uses is a limited one and is already pretty well exhausted. If Mr. Proctor would announce that he is willing to produce new American plays by American authors, he might possibly open up a mine of new material.

ONE might naturally think that the following object crawl was taken from the columns of some small and timid newspaper, afraid of the punishment which the Theatrical Syndicate might visit upon it.

In a recent issue of *The Times* there appeared the report of an interview with David Belasco, telegraphed from York, Penn., in which that gentleman somewhat freely expressed his views of the so-called Theatrical Syndicate, and attempted to place upon its members the responsibility for a large part of the possible mishaps of a theatrical season. The opinions expressed and the judgments passed upon the Theatrical Syndicate by Mr. Belasco were his own altogether; this newspaper disclaims any support or indorsement of them. While some of Mr. Belasco's criticisms supply their own answer and corrective, *The Times* feels that as a whole his utterances upon the occasion noted were of a nature intended chiefly to gratify his own personal feelings, and therefore the publication of them was a departure from the policy and practice of *The Times*, which makes this disclaimer a matter of duty to ourselves as well as of justice to the objects of Mr. Belasco's comments.

The paragraph is in fact from the columns of *The New York Times*, one of the richest and most powerful of our metropolitan dailies; the same journal which, under braver management, was not afraid to defy the mighty Tweed and bring him to punishment. New York journalism has come to a pitiful pass when a great newspaper like *The Times* can be compelled to make itself an object of ridicule by creatures of the stripe of those who are now in control of the Theatrical Trust.



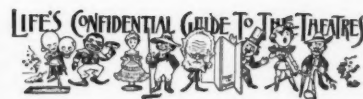
MR. FAVERSHAM'S IDEA OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

The Times claims that it prints only things that are "Fit to Print." That paragraph was not "Fit to Print" in the columns of *The Times*.

THE drop-curtains in New York theatres are not, as a rule, things of beauty. That they may be made things of use is shown by the example of a London theatre, which has painted on its curtain large diagrams showing the location of all the exits, regular and emergency. It would be an excellent idea for our authorities to make this compulsory in every theatre in New York.

AGLANCE at the list of current attractions will show that the few artistic successes of the season are, almost without exception, under other than Syndicate management. Which would suggest that the Trust might find it pay better to abandon the artistic field to those who know something about art, and confine themselves to the profitable purveying of the tawdry and inartistic.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music.—"Checkers." Race-track slang and rural fun. Laughable.

American.—French comedy company in repertory of French plays.

Belasco.—David Warfield in "The Music Master." Clever portrayals of amusing and interesting types.

Berkeley Lyceum.—Vaudeville and Henry E. Dixey in sketches.

Broadway.—Mme. Schumann-Heink in "Love's Lottery." Musicianly comic operetta, well staged and well sung.

Casino.—"Piff, Paff, Pouf." Musical play. Light-weight but funny.

Criterion.—William H. Crane in "Business Is Business." Translation of an unpleasant French play of contemporary life.

Daly's.—"The School Girl." Rather tuneful and dainty English musical play.

Empire.—"The Duke of Killcrankie," with John Drew and clever company. Polite but exaggerated comedy.

Garden.—"The College Widow," by George Ade. American college life as a subject of fun.

Garrick.—Mr. Henry Miller in "Joseph Entangled."

Hudson.—A. W. Pinero's "Letty." Interesting, but rather high-flavored.

Knickerbocker.—E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearian repertory.

Lyceum.—Last week of Cecilia Loftus in Zangwill's "The Serio-Comic Governess." A disappointing effort.

Lyric.—Otis Skinner in "The Harvester."

Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske as *Becky Sharp*. Interesting and well staged play.

Princess.—Charles Hawtrey in the amusing satire, "A Message from Mars."

Savoy.—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The characters from the book well reproduced and in mirth-provoking situations.

Wallack's.—"The Sho-Gun." See opposite.

Weber Music Hall.—"Higgledy-Piggledy."

My Make-Up Box.

OF all the sirens, fair or dark,
In every land, in every age,
Who, ruling rulers, left their mark
Agleam on sober history's page,
Not one—not Egypt's asp-stung Queen,
Nor Helen with her amber locks—
Owned half the wealth of beauty's sheen
That glorifies my make-up box.

For just a little hour or so,
Six nights a week and matinées,
I'm more or less "a peach," but, oh,
Not mine the bloom the Johnnies praise;
When roses come and violets blue,
And mushy notes arrive in flocks,
I tell myself, "They're not for you;
They're tributes to your make-up box."

But when my mirror rudely says,

"You're growing older every year,
And even in your palmiest days—"

Well, really, there were others, dear;
Your eyes are dull, your cheeks are pale—
You all know how a mirror knocks;
Philosophy's of no avail;

I'm jealous of my make-up box.

Maud B. Sinclair.



IT was not to be expected that Alfred Henry Lewis, after the success of his political biography, *The Boss*, should abandon so excellent a literary graft, and his new book, *The President*, is a political novel on similar lines. It shows us Washington through the eyes of a complacent cynic; its love story is worthy of Ouida in her palmy days; its style is Mr. Lewis's own patent—a cross between Edmund Spencer and Thomas Carlyle. The most remarkable feature of the book is that anything so bad should be so readable.

Sabrina Warham is a novel for the leisured and the serious-minded. It is a sombre tale of an isolated portion of the English coast, slow of movement, lighted by no gleam of humor or touch of comedy, never vivid, yet convincingly lifelike. Its author, Laurence Housman, man of feeling rather than artist, has set out the lives of his characters and the atmosphere of the environment from which they sprang, with a genuine, a loving and a somewhat plodding excellence.

If *Sabrina Warham* appeals to the leisured, Esther Miller's *Rosabel* can appeal only to the idle. *Rosabel* is the offspring of a mésalliance, abandoned in infancy by her mother and raised a barmaid. Later on she is introduced into what, in such stories, passes for London society, and succeeds in preventing the hero from marrying her mama. By an oversight the book has been bound in red cloth instead of yellow paper.

The Diary of a Musician, which Dolores M. Bacon modestly claims to have "edited," is an amusing skit on the "artistic temperament." Indeed, it is more than this, for it is frequently an effective interpretation, and while we laugh at the hero's unconventional inconsequences, we nod acquiescence over the underlying touches of nature. It must be remembered, however, that the diaries of Hungarian musicians are not pabulum for prudes.

With doubtless the best intention in the world, Mr. Stephen Jackson has done us small service in selecting the Arthurian legends as a subject upon which to practice realism. His *Magic Mantle* is both coarse and clumsy, and an hour with him at Arthur's court will leave a taste in the mouth that only a little Tennyson or a bit of Mallory can remove.

Rolo Ogden's life of *William Hickling Prescott*, the historian, written for the American Men of Letters series, is an intimate and effective piece of biographical writing of the less formal order. Of technical analysis and literary criticism the volume is innocent, but Prescott's character was lovable and his life

inspiring, and Mr. Ogden has set both before us with unaffected sympathy.

Jess and Co. is a new booklet by Mr. J. J. Bell, of Glasgow, dialectician and discoverer of "Wee Macgregor." Jess, who speaks English and whose presence north of the Tweed is not explained, has married a carpenter who neither speaks English nor carpents, and *Jess and Co.* is the history of a reform administration.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The President. By Alfred Henry Lewis. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

Sabrina Warham. By Laurence Housman. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Rosabel. By Esther Miller. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

The Diary of a Musician. Edited by Dolores Marbourg Bacon. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

The Magic Mantle and Other Stories. By Stephen Jackson. (M. S. Greene and Company. \$1.50.)

William Hickling Prescott. By Rolo Ogden. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.10.)

Jess and Co. By J. J. Bell. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)



DEAR EDITOR: Permit me to express to you my appreciation and thanks for article, "LIFE and the American Girl," by "Cosmopolitan Reader," in No. 1144.

Every sentence is a hit. I think you can do lots of good by following it up.

Yours faithfully,

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1. E. A. Denicke.

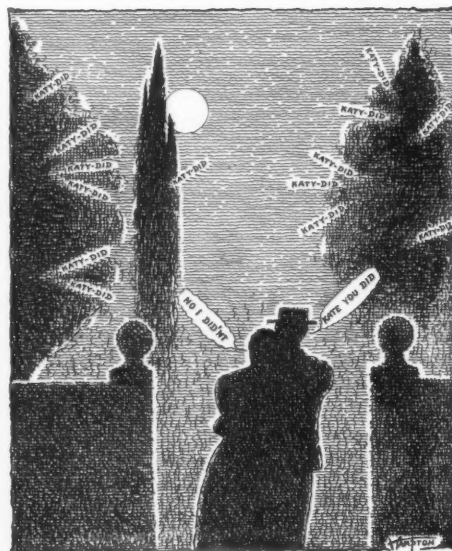
DEAR LIFE: It strikes me that the "Cosmopolitan Reader" must have gotten "the worst of it" in something more than a "joke" played upon him by a "silly woman," to write such an article upon American women.

Personally, I think LIFE will stir up some discontent where none existed, unless the subject be treated humorously, when the question is asked, "Are Three American Women Out of Five Disappointed in Their Husbands?" But don't, Mr. Cosmopolitan, belittle American woman just because that question is asked.

Men are fond of their clubs the world over, and isn't it rather contradictory to say they spoil their women and go to their clubs? When do they have time to do the "spoiling"?

And above all things, don't suggest that too much deference is shown women. That is impossible. It raises man to respect woman, and it elevates woman to know she is respected.

The French may have their "love" It is too often disastrous. "Worship" is better—it



KATY-DID TIME.

presupposes respect, and I understand that is an unknown quantity in France, except upon the surface.

Intellectually, woman *is* the equal of man, but unfortunately she has not always the stick-at-it-ness and balance to make her brains show. It is this very uncertainty that makes her so charming.

Far be it from me to imply that the American woman is perfect. We all know she has her faults, but is anything perfect in this world?

The writer has spent so much time becoming "Cosmopolitan," that he has not studied our women sufficiently to know that they do not "take seriously" all the jokes about poor misjudged man. Let me assure him this is true.

Sincerely,

PHILADELPHIA, Oct., 1904. P. F. R.

AMEN! Amen! to "Cosmopolitan Reader" on page 302.

LIFE, "do let us have fewer poems on girls." If you will, I will promise to subscribe again, but this year we *have* had hugs and kisses and girls enough to make a surplus *even* for a college paper.

Yours truly, E. A. C.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.

Unlimited.

"THE automobile millionaire has been convicted several times of manslaughter, but he has bought himself off and still pursues his way."

"Yes. He has the courage of his convictions."



"WHY DID YOU LET HIM IN THE HOUSE IF YOU COULDN'T TRUST HIM?"
"BUT, GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS GOING TO RUN OFF WITH MY DAUGHTER—I THOUGHT IT WAS MY WIFE."



THE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
At the footlights bright and gay,
Having all your own sweet way.

How I wonder if the paint
On your cheeks will e'er grow faint;
If your slippers, trim and neat,
Will look flabby on your feet.

How I wonder if that smile,
Which you use men to beguile,
Turns into an ugly sneer
When your patrons are not near.

How I wonder if your gems,
From your crown to fluffy hems,
Are but glass beads, cent apiece,
Borrowed on a broker's lease.

How I wonder if you feel,
After all, that life is real;
If you say, when you are free:
"Oh, what fools these mortals be!"

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
While your assets are on par;
Soon you'll find some other orb
All your homage will absorb.

Soon you'll find your sweetest self
Snugly laid upon the shelf.
Make your hay while eyes are bright;
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

NOT A GUIDE-BOOK.

The house had quieted after the wedding. The old shoes had been picked up and the rice swept from the piazza. While some one was packing the gifts, and somebody else took down the drooping ferns, mother and Aunt Mary were in the parlor, talking it over. They sat on the sofa, and were, as one of the giggling children reported, after looking through the doorway, "holding hands." For Aunt Mary lived three hundred miles away, and she did not come often. "So it's over," she said, smiling into mother's eyes.

"Yes," said mother, bravely, although a little tearfully, "it's over—and begun."

"They'll be happy, I'm sure."

"Yes. They are very well suited to each other."

"Very. I could see that. They both have studious habits."

"Yes. But, Mary—" Mother paused, and the gleam of mischief evoked by Aunt Mary sooner than anybody else darted into her eyes. "Mary, they can't have much sense of humor. Though it's my own girl, I say it."

"Why not?"



"I SEE MY FINISH!"

"Do you know what they took to read on their wedding journey? Stevenson's 'Travels with a Donkey!'" —*Youth's Companion*.

PONCE DE LEON had discovered the fountain of youth. "Ain't it simple?" he exclaimed, as he dipped in his finger and tasted the mixture. "Why, it's nothing but rouge and burnt matches and a little pink powder!" —*Cleveland Leader*.

My own impression is that the high-speed motor car will eventually have to have a road to itself. Motoring is at present in its earliest infancy—no one can feel much doubt about that. In the natural course of things the speed of cars will increase, and the number of cars will increase yet more. If to-day cars traveling at twenty miles an hour are a serious annoyance and a considerable source of danger, matters will certainly be far worse ten or twenty years hence. If to-day a twenty-mile speed limit is felt to be an unreasonable and irksome restriction, it will be far more so when the speed possibilities of cars are greatly increased. Sooner or later it must follow that special tracks for high-speed motoring will be constructed; and my only wonder is that there has been no movement in that direction already.—*London Truth*.

"On a very hot day recently two 'cullud gemmen' were chatting outside my window," said Alex S. Thweatt, of the Southern Railway; "one was a bright mulatto, the other blacker than stove-polish."

"How yo' feel, Abe?" asked the mulatto. "Kind o' warm, Jake," answered the darker chap; "how's yo'se'f?"

"Right peart, thank yo'," said the mulatto to his ebony-hued friend; "but say, Abe, yo' shore do hold yo' color fust rate dis hot weather!" —*Argonaut*.

MRS. BARRON was one of the new "summer folk," and not acquainted with the vernacular. Consequently, she was somewhat surprised, upon sending an order for a roast of lamb to the nearest butcher, to receive the following note in reply: "Dear Mam. I am sorry I have not killed myself this week, but I can get you a leg off my brother (the butcher at the farther end of the town). He's full up of what you want. I seen him last night with five legs. Yours respectful. George Gunton." —*Youth's Companion*.

POLICE MAGISTRATE: How did you manage to extract the man's watch from his pocket when it was provided with a safety-catch?

PICKPOCKET: Excuse me, your honor, but that is a professional secret. I am willing to teach you, however, for ten dollars.—*Chicago Daily News*.

HOAX: They say the Sultan of Turkey scares his wives nearly to death.

JOAX: Yes; I've always heard that he was a harem-scarem sort of fellow.—*Philadelphia Record*.

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WHISKEY**
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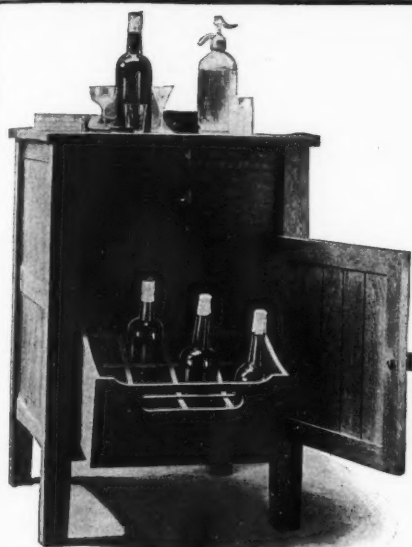
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This result is difficult to arrive at, as a few drops more or less will destroy the balance. The only safe way is to buy

Club Cocktails

which are the original and best, scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and properly aged before being bottled.

The most popular varieties of the Club Cocktails are the Martini and Manhattan, the former having a gin and the latter a whisky base.

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THE savage Igorrotes at St. Louis have given up dog meat and are clamoring for chicken. Some Methodist missionary has been working to good advantage.—*The Washington Post.*

SHE CALLED THE BLUFF.

"My wife wanted an Angelus. I play the piano a bit, so couldn't see why she was so persistent. One day I said, jokingly, 'All right, if you can play the piano as well with your feet as I can with my hands, you can have an Angelus.' She called my bluff all right, and ordered one. After she played just one piece, I was satisfied and gave her a check."

THE Japanese soldier receives forty-five cents a month. Can not something be done to protect Russia against the pauper labor of Asia?—*The Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SHARPE: The major says he lost a limb during the late war.

WHEALTON: Yes; he was up a tree, and the enemy shot away the limb he was sitting on.—*Chicago News.*

AFTER DINNER PLAY "SHERLOCK HOLMES."

It is the informal game of the winter. The liveliest, most exciting and laughable card game ever devised.

"It's a mistake to marry too young," remarked the Wise Guy.

"Well, at any rate, it's a mistake that isn't often repeated," murmured the Simple Mug.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

JOHNNY: Papa, what does it mean when you say a man is good at repartee?

"It means he hasn't any friends."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.*

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MISS SWEENEY: Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?

CAPTAIN STORMES: Yes; I spent several months at the summer resorts last year.—*Baltimore American.*

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Jolly amusement for informal parties. Full of excitement, laughter, life and fun. Entirely new. Price half a dollar per pack.

"Yes," said the fireman, "there were two men in the building playing chess, and one of them is in the ruins yet. We couldn't get him out."

"Why, how was that?"

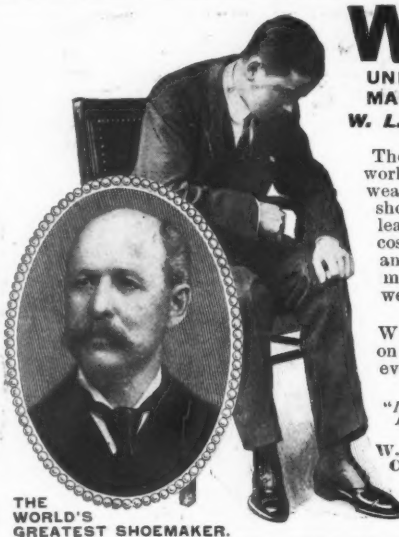
"He insisted that it wasn't his move."—*Philadelphia Press.*

JEFF LOONEY, of Snapp, was here this week courting.—*Woodruff (Ark.) Free Press.*

FIRST SHIPWRECKED TOURIST: Here we are, on a desert island, with no food in sight.

SECOND SHIPWRECKED TOURIST: What difference does that make? Didn't I save a box of Fonseca's cigars?

LITTLE Alphonso, Jr., had been carefully tucked into bed, had asked for his last drink of water, and was about to dream material for new questions, when his mother heard, as she was carefully and quietly folding the little garments in the dim light, "Mother, how was it I first met you?"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*



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SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out. This is tobacco to live for.

My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)



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\$758,473.14



TAYLOR, 1850
\$1,023,939.62



FILLMORE, 1853
\$2,060,849.30



PIERCE, 1857
\$3,939,463.59



BUCHANAN, 1861
\$7,237,989.12



LINCOLN, 1865
\$12,235,407.86



THE Mutual

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
of NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY President



OLDEST
IN AMERICA

LARGEST
IN THE WORLD

Issued Its First Policy

in the days of John Tyler, February 1st, 1843, when its assets were sound principles and methods, and wisdom, energy and good faith.

To-day it holds the same assets, strengthened by unparalleled success for over sixty-one years—having paid its policy holders more than \$637,000,000 and holding in trust for them a safety fund of more than \$401,000,000.

The growth of the assets or safety fund of this company through the successive administrations is shown over the Presidents' pictures.

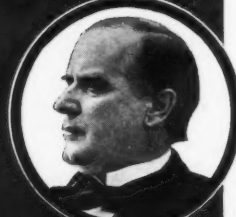
Rates for the most desirable forms of investment insurance will be furnished free on application.

1904
TYLER TO
ROOSEVELT

ROOSEVELT, 1904
\$401,821,881.66



McKINLEY, 1901
\$325,753,152.51



CLEVELAND, 1897
\$234,744,148.42



HARRISON, 1889
\$175,084,156.61



CLEVELAND, 1889
\$126,082,153.56



ARTHUR, 1885
\$103,876,178.51



JOHNSON, 1869
\$31,834,388.76



GRANT, 1877
\$82,360,188.59



HAYES, 1881
\$91,735,786.02



GARFIELD, 1881
\$91,735,786.02

